

On the Porch

-Hey I like it too, but does she hafta carry on like that?
Unbelievable!

-How old is this...?"

-Thirty, forty, I don't know.

-I heard a lady could get in trouble doing it with a kid
like that.

-So could the bar serves two brats like us. Lots of people.
What the fuck's the difference? Oooops. Hi, Father Hendrickson.

-Yeah, hi, Faddah.

"I thought I heard your favorite word drifting from this porch.
Hey! CYO going to see the Giants Wednesday night. Parents have
to come up with three dollars for the bus."

-Yeah? I'll scrape mine off the floor of Curran's and see if
any's left. You get married yet?"

"I'll let you know. Show up anyway. Five-thirty. I can get some
money from altar society."

-You're a good guy for a priest.

"So I've heard. You know, I hate to tell you, but you guys are
not really tough. Sort of half-tough. Bye-dee-bye!"

-God bless you, Father!

-And, whatchalit? Save!...half-tough, hey?

-That's about right. No way we're going into the Barkley Boys
neighborhood and get our ass beat off! They're tougher.
Hands down. Like they're Whole-Tough!

-Smart! Us.

-Yeah. There's some hope. There's some hope. I don't know what
the church or the women have to do with it but, there's...

-Some people can eat anything they want. And anytime they

want, too!